ALARVM FOR LONDON.

OR

THE SIEDGE OF ANTWERPE.

With the ventrous actes and valorous deeds of the lame Soldier.

As it hath been playde by the right Honorable the Lord Charberlaine his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head Alley, ouer against the Tauerne doore neere the Royall-Exchange. 1602.

Prologus.

Enter Time.

ROund through the compasse of this earthly ball,
The massie substance hanging in the skye,
Hath fleeting Time pursu'd this froward age;
And searcht the worlds corrupt enormities.
Heere found I some, despite my hoary scalpe,
There found I Courtiers laught my course to scorne,
In that place daintie mouthed Damsels scoffe,
Sticking my feathers with their borrowed plumes,
As though my beauty were not good enough.
And now this faire concourse heere met together,
That haue calme leasure to beholde their faultes,
Within my furrowed bosome deepe ingrau'd:
Like a steele forg'd impression (fixed firme)
Are met together: you will scorne my wants,
Laugh at my lamenes, looke basely, fume and frowne,
But doe so, doe so, your proude eyes shall see
The punishment of Citty cruelty:
And if your hearts be not of Adamant,
Reforme the mischiefe of degenerate mindes,
And make you weepe in pure relenting kinde.

FINIS.

A Larum for London, or the siedge of Antwerpe: with the vertuous actes and valorous deedes of the lame Soldier.

Enter Sancto Danila *and two other Captaines.*

Dani. SO, leaue me now, and in mine absence, see
That not a Soldier pearch vpon the walles;
Least by the Cittizens they be espyed,
And thereupon they grow suspicious.
Be gone, and giue the Centenels in charge,
They haue an eye vnto the Southerne Port:
And heare yee? if that any forces come,
Let them be straight receiu'd into the Castle,
But with as little tumult as you may. *Exeunt.*

Cap. It shall be done my Lord.

Dan. We must be secret, as befits the care,
And expedition of so great a cause;
Antwerpe is wealthy, but withall secure,
Our Soldiers want the crownes they surfet with,
And therefore she must spare from foorth her store,
To helpe her neighbours; nay she shall be forc't,
To strip her of her pouches, and on the backes
Of Spanish Soldiers, hang her costliest roabes.
The plot already is determin'd of,
And say *Cornelius* doe but keepe his word;
These swilling Epicures shall taste of death,

Whilſt we ſuruiue to riffle their rich Coffers.

Enter Cornelius.

Heere comes the man, welcome *Cornelius*,
I ſee you make religion of your word.

Cor. Speake ſoftly good my Lord leaſt yee be heard,
The Cittizens are ſcouting heere about.

Dan. Not one *Cornelius* dare approach ſo neere,
The Caſtle ſhot keepes them in greater awe,
And for diſcouery by the eye, feare not;
Within this valley we may talke at large,
And no man ſee vs: ſay are you reſolu'd,
To ſtand firme friend vnto the Spaniard?
And *Sancto Damia* vowes you ſhall partake,
Both ſpoyle and honour with the beſt of vs.

Cor. Suppoſe my Lord I gaue you my conſent,
In all the world there's not (at my commaund)
Aboue ſixe hundred Almaignes; you your ſelfe,
Are in the Caſtle ſcarce a thouſand ſtrong,
And what are theſe to ſacke ſo great a towne?
So populous and large as *Antweerpe* is.
The Cittizens (were they but politicke,
Carefull and ſtudious to preſerue their peace)
Might at an houres warning, fill their ſtreetes,
With fortie thouſand well appointed Soldiers.

Dan. I, but they are remiſſe and negligent,
Their bodies vſ'd to ſoft effeminate ſilkes,
And their nice mindes ſet all on dalliance;
Which makes them fat for ſlaughter, fit for ſpoile:
But ſay twere otherwiſe that in their peace
And daies of plenty, whilſt they flouriſhed
They had fore-ſeene the daunger might enſue,
And exerciſe themſelues in feates of armes;
Yet wee being ſole commaunders of the Caſtle,
And that commaunding them, what let is there,
(Were we much weaker) but we might preuaile?

When once the Alarum ſoundes (like ſilly mice)
They'll hyde them in the creuice of their walles,
And ſome for ignorance, will ſtand amaz'd;
And ſome will be ſo tender of their fleſh,
As they will ſcorne to beare the weight of ſteele,
No, no braue Almaigne if men euer had
A fit occaſion to inrich themſelues,
And fill the vaſt world with their ecchoing fame,
Now is that inſtant put into our hands;
And now may we be Lords of this proude towne:
My minde deuines no leſſe, and till my feete
Tread a venturous meaſure in their ſtreetes,
I ſhall be ſicke to thinke vpon the deed.

Cor. I wiſh my Lord as much as you detaine,
But ſuch an enterprize muſt be well grounded,
Leaſt in performance there be found defect.

Dan. What patient eye can looke vpon yond Turtets,
And ſee the beauty of that flower of *Europe*,
And in't be rauiſht with the ſight of her?
Oh ſhe is amorous as the wanton ayre,
And muſt be Courted: from her noſtrils comes
A breath, as ſweete as the Arabian ſpice.
Her garments are imbrodered with pure golde,
And euery part ſo rich and ſumptuous,
As Indias not to be compar'd to her,
She muſt be Courted, nay her ſelfe inuites,
And beckons vs vnto her ſportfull bed:
What is he then more lumpiſh than rude Iron,
By ſuch a load-ſtarre may not be attempted?
Oh braue *Cornelius*, if within thy veines,
There be that heate of wallout I preſume,
Let vs for-ſlowe no time, till we obtaine
To Reuell in this bower of earthly bliſſe.

Cor. My Lord, what lyes in me yee ſhall diſpoſe,
My Regiment of Almaignes, and my ſelfe,
Will on the firſt aſſault reuolt to you;

Meane ſpace Ile giue you cloſe intelligence,
Of any thing the Cittizens pretend:
But as I ſaid, what makes this to the ſpoile,
Of ſuch a mighty Citty as this is,
Vnleſſe we be confirm'd with more ſupply?

Dan. Beholde this ſcroule and be reſolu'd in that,
From *Naſtricht* firſt there comes a thouſand horſe,
Beſide fiue hundred foote: vnder the guiding
Of *Don Alonzo de Verdugo*: Then
From *Leyte* doth *Iulian de Romero*, bring
Fiue hundred foote; From *Adſt* two thouſand more
Follow the conduct of *Emanuell*;
The Duke of *Alua* likwiſe brings his power,
And for a better cullour, to delude
Theſe credulous inhabitants of *Antwerpe*,
He cauſeth it be publiſht he is dead,
And that his Soldiers guard his body hyther,
To haue it ſhipt for Spaine to be interd:
Which well may ſerue to ſhaddow his approach,
The reſt by night ſhall haue their entraunce;
So that within two daies I make account,
We ſhall be gathered to a perfect head,
Of (at the leaſt) ſixe thouſand Spaniards.

Cor. I mary my Lord, this ſoundeth ſomewhat like,
Now dares *Cornelius* promiſe victorie.
But how intendes your Lordſhip to begin,
And giue an entraunce to this buſines?
You know th'Antwerpians neuer yet tooke part,
In any action gainſt his Maieſty,
But haue remain'd as neutrall, neyther ayding
The Prince of *Orenge*, nor offending you:
How will you then inkindle flambes of warre,
And take occaſion to commence your quarrell?

Dan. Why any way; it ſhall be thus *Cornelius*,
Ile charge the Maſter Gunner of the Caſtle,
To make a ſhot or two vpon the towne;

And when they come to know the cause of it,
Ile say it was, because they doe not lincke,
The Prince of *Orenge* ships: but suffer them
To lye so neere within the Lyuer Skalde,
Which notwithstanding, we precisely know,
Doe houer there about, to no end else,
But to safe conduct victuals to the towne.
Yet this excuse will serue to cloake our hate,
And shew some reason for what after follows.

Cor. It cannot be but good my noble Lord,
And shortly (as their dayly cuttome is)
Changing the Gouernor and other Burgers,
Intend a solemne banquet at the State-house.
Euen then, and at that place, giue you direction,
The Gunner take his Leuill, twill affright,
And strike the greater terror to their soules.

Dan. Enough, Ile play them Musicke to their meate,
And send such Reuellers into the roome,
As some of them shall haue carouse their last,
The most I craue, is that *Cornelius*
Will be as constant as he hath profest.

Cor. Once more my Lord I gage my hand with yours,
And as he is a Soldier and a Knight,
Cornelius vowes to be a friend to Spaine.

Dan. I take thy word faire Knight, and backe againe
Returne the like to thee; both I and mine,
For euer vow to loue and honour thee:
Now breake we off our secret conference,
And closely as we came vnto this place,
So let vs circumspectly make retreate.
Walke thou into the towne as if thou hadst
But only come abroad to take the ayre.
I to the Castle will with-draw my selfe
Downe some backe way, and euer as we need,
Be this our meeting place, till *Antwerpe* bleed.

Cor. Farewell my Lord, *Cornelius* is agreed. *Exeunt*

Emer.

Enter Danila *and the* Gunner.

Dan. What Ordinance haue you laden on that part?

Gun. A Faulcon and two Harguebuz of Crocke.

Dan. What telst thou me of Harguebuz of Crocke?
A poxe vpon your rascall squibs and crackers,
Haue you been loading all this day till now,
And come you with your Harguebuz of Crocke?
A plague vpon't.

Gun. My Lord, blame your direction: neuerthelesse,
Not full assured of your Lordships pleasure,
We haue raisd the Cannons that came last from *Harlam*,
And planted them this morning for the purpose.

Dan. Twas well aduisd; but Gunner for what part?

Gun. That's as it please your Honour so direct.

Dan. That's for the State-house Gunner, where the Dutch
Sit swilling in the pride of their excesse;
Commend vs to them, tell them we haue sent
Musicke to make them merry at they's Feast;
Goe bid thy full-mouthd Cannon, much good doo't them.
Should we discharge some scurvie Culuering,
They'll thinke we are about some fire-worke,
To make them sport with.
For sure they fall a sleepe vpon full stomackes,
Shoote me their State-house through both the sides,
And tell them thou didst it for their health,
To keepe them waking.

Gun. I warrant you my Lord, Ile peirce her sides,
Or neuer thinke me worke-man whilst I liue. *Exit.*

Dan. I will not stirre till I haue heard the shot.
Goe light thy Linckstocke at some hellish brand,
To send blacke vengeance to that hated towne;
Let euery corne of powder be a spirit,
Thy mortall ayme as ominous as death,
And neuer a splinter that the Bullet strikes,

But let it prooue a very murdering piece,
Amongst the Burgers at their Banqueting,
To vomit horred plagues vpon them all.

The peice discharges.

There be thou like the Club of *Hercules*,
Amongst the Bouzing Bacchanalian centures,
To beate their Renish Cannes about their eares.

A great screcke heard within.

Good lucke I hope, hark how the sodaine noyse
Incountring with the Cannons loude report,
Stops his full mouth, with the reuerberate sound,
And fils the circle of the emptie ayre.

Enter two Burgers running.

1 Bur. The Shot what from the Castle questionlesse.
2 Bur. The smoke and the report may tell you so.
1 Bur. And certainly intended at our liues.
2 Bur. Call to the Gouernour.
1 Bur. Hee's walking heere without the Castle: stay,
The Cittizens haue sent me to demaund,
On what occasion, or by whose commaundement,
You haue discharg'd this shot vpon the towne?
Dan. At my commaund Sir, what is that to you?
2 Bur. Then thy command (I tell thee *Sancto Dánila*)
Is deuilish and vnchristian;
Which passing through the State-house of the Cittie,
Hath slaine three persons.
Dan. Three froathy Renish fats that haue drunk dead,
Or in their cuppes haue falne to cutting throates,
And fearing that it would be noisd abroad,
To couer your foule Bestiall Gurmandize,
Giue it out to be a shot sent from the Castle.
1 Bur. That men are slaine wee'll not expostulate,
But Gouernor, was it by your commaundement?
Dan. Tell me you men of *Antwerpe*,
If you doe startle at a Cannons burst,

Why ſuffer you the Prince of *Orenge* Ships,
To ride vpon the riuer at their pleaſure?
And with their fleering tops to mocke our Fames,
The whilſt the Sconſes which doe flancke the Riuer,
Serue but for Fiſhers to vnload their nets;
Whilſt Cankering ruſt, deuoures your emptie Cannons:
And they lye hulling vp and downe the ſtreame?
Burgers of *Antwerpe* anſwere me to this.

2 Bur. They be of *Zealand*, and the Prince of *Orenge*
Hath euer been a friend vnto the State.

Dan. But enemy vnto the King my Maſter;
Therefore they ſhall not ride vpon the ryuer;
Which if your owne ſecurity doe ſuffer,
Wee'll make our Ban-dogs to awake your towne.

2 Bur. Is that the cauſe and reaſon of your ſhot?

Dan. Burger it is.

2 Bur. You ſhould haue ſent vs word of your diſlike:

Dan. Why ſo we did, did we not ſend our poaſt
Euen now vnto you?
And wrapt our Packet in a ball of lead?
I thinke we ſent a bolde Embaſſador,
That ſpoke our minde in thunder: did he not?
You might before haue knowne of our diſlike,
But that we did perceiue you would not ſee,
Twas well you heard of vs.

A ſignet ſounded, enter two with mourning penons: a Drum ſounding a dead march: Dalua *carried vpon a horſe couered with blacke: Soldiers after, trayling their Pykes.*

No Cittizens of *Antwerpe*, this the cauſe
That makes you careleſſe and neglect our power,
The death of Princelie *Dalua*, had he liu'd,
The Fleete of *Orenge* had not traded thus,
Nor brau'd our Caſtle.

Enter

Enter two or three Cittizens running.

1 Cit. I pray God they meane not to assault the towne.

2 Cit. Tis *Daluas* Body brought vnto the Castle.

3 Cit. I would he had come thus, when he came first Into these Countries.

1 Cit. So would I, what's become of this damned fiend?

2 Cit. Let the deuill looke to that, for he has most right to him.

3 Cit. I would the cowe hyde were off, wee might see the foure quarters.

1 Cit. A plague goe with him.

2 Cit. There will be olde tryumphing in hell.

3 Cit. There will be olde supping of boyling leade.

1 Cit. That *Dalua* was a bloudy villaine.

2 Cit. He was worse then the Spanish inquisition.

3 Cit. Well, if euer man would haue eaten vp the Caniballes, twas he.

1 Cit. I feare nothing but one.

2 Cit. What's that?

1 Cit. That the people will curse him out of's graue.

2 Cit. I am glad they haue curst him into it.

3 Cit. Well, it was neuer heard that *Dalua* was dead, But there was some notable villanie followed it.

1 Cit. What dost thou thinke he will reuiue againe?

2 Cit. If he doe, the deuil's on't, Ile neuer trust death on's word for a halfe pennie.

3 Cit. Come, wee'll mourne in sacke for him. *Exeunt.*

Bur. Come, let's retyre our selues into the State-house, Tis *Daluas* body brought into the Castle. *Exeunt*

Dan. March neerer to the Castle with your hearse, Before you set it downe.

Alu. in the hearse. What are those villaines gone that rayl'd vpon me? *Sould.* They are my Lord.

Alu. Set downe and let me light,

He comes from vnder the hearse.

I would not heare my ſelfe againe ſo rayl'd on,
Not for halfe *Belgia*.
Zwounds the dogs barke at me, a plague vpon them all,
I thinke they doe not hate the Deuill ſo;
Dalua is neuer nam'd but with a cu[illegible]
Thinke but theſe roages, this is a tyme to dye,
And heare theſe damned dogs reuile me thus:
Well, I am dead, but *Aluas* ſpirit (ere long)
Shall haunt your ghoſtes, and with a fatall troope,
Come in the dreadfull night about your walles,
Grimme death did nere affright the fearfull martiall,
As I will fright theſe Bouzing Begians:
Whoſe that aboue? Lord *Sancto Damla*?

Dan. My Lord of *Alua*, enter the Caſtle.

Alua *enters and his troope.*

Enter Alonzo Verdugo, *and his Soldiers with a ſtill march.*

O the Lord *Verdugo*, and his Regiment,
From *Maſcricht*? tis well.

Enter Iulian Romero, *and his power with a ſtill march.*

Iulian Romero and his Regiment from *Leyre*?
My Lord *Romero* where is *Don Emanuell*?
To bring the power that we expect from *Alſt*.

Rom. Who's that? Lord *Sancto Damla*?
Hee's entred on the other ſide the Caſtle,
Withall his power.

Dan. Not yet full ten, my minde preſageth good,
Antwerpe ere night, ſhall bath her ſelfe in bloud. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marques d'Hauurye, Egmount, Champaigne, Van End *and his Page: Engliſh Gouernor and one Burger.*

Mar. Monſieur Champaigne, great *Antwerpes* Gouer-
Will you refuſe theſe faire and freſh ſupplyes? (nour,

Sent

ſent from the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,
Vnder our Conduct for your Cities guard?
Cham. Lord *Marques Hauurye*, we reiect them not,
Nor yet neglect the loue of that great Prince,
And our kinde friend the Co-vnited States:
But ſince we haue no neede of ſuch a power,
Why ſhould we peſter *Antwerpe* with ſuch troupes,
To ſpend the victuals of the Cittizens,
Which we can ſcarcely compaſſe now for gilt.
Egm. The Prince & States will furniſh yee with ſtore,
To feede the Army and relieue the Towne.
Cham. It may be ſo.
Bur. And it may not be ſo.
Mar. Our words and honours be engag'd for it.
Eng. Gou. Vnder correction my Lord Gouernour,
The *Marquet* and Count *Egmonts* noble words,
(Although the Prince of *Orenge* and the States
Should be forgetfull) were a pawne of worth.
Mar. What ſayes the Colonell of the Almaines to it?
Van. This is *Van Ends* opinion my good Lord,
That the rich promiſe of ſuch noble Peeres,
As *Marques Hauurie* and Count *Egmont* are,
Is pawne enough for all the Cities wealth.
Bur. The Almaine lyes, wealth is worth more than
wordes. *Standing aſide.*
Cham. I way their promiſe with my ſound beliefe,
And tye my thoughts to their aſſured truſt,
Yet are there many reaſons of import,
To barre your Armies entrance to this towne.
Egm. The graund obiection is decyded.
Cham. True.
Egm. The leſſer then are eaſily refeld.
Cham. Suppoſe the Prince & States do Victuall them,
Yet their diſorder in our Ciuell ſtreetes,
May be pernitious, and breede mutinie.
Mar. By this ſuppoſall you enfeeble vs,

And taxe our worth with indiſcretion,
As though our skill and our Authority,
Stood vpon baſes of weake diſcipline. —
Bur. We ſaid not ſo, and yet their ryotings,
May taynt our wiues and ieoperdize our wealth.
Van. In ſilence be it my Lord, you need thē not. *To cham*
Egm. All ryots ſhall be death by martiall law, (*aſide.*
And all commaunders, ſhall be vigilent
Ouer their troopes, that order may he kept.
Cham. My Lords of *Egmount* and of *Haunrye*,
What are your numbers?
Mar. Iuſt 3000. foote,
One thouſand horſe, 800. at the leaſt.
Eng Gou. An honourable tender of true friends,
To ſend ſuch ayde for ſafeguard of your Citty. (*Aſide.*
Bur. Twill ſhake our bags too much to pay ſo many.
Coam. At whoſe expence ſhall all this army reſt?
Egm. Some part your ſelues, ſome part the Prince will pay.
Cham. Sixe hundred Almaignes are our gariſon,
A guard ſufficient to defende our walles,
And men enough, becauſe we need no more.
Bur. And they too many to be paide by vs.
Van. O may theſe ſlaues refuſe this ſuccour ſent,
Their myſerie ſhall bring their miſerie. *Aſide.*
Mar. Count *Egmont*, ſurelie *Antwerpe* is bewitcht,
Securitie hath ſlaine their prouidence, *Take Egm. aſide*
And riches makes them retchles of their friends;
We muſt aſſume the charge vpon our ſelues,
And pray the Prince and States to beare the pay;
Or elſe their priuate auarice, will pull
Publicke deſtruction on this flower of townes,
To the diſgrace of all the Netherlands.
Egm. I will make tender of ſo much to them,
Two monthes the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,
And we our ſelues, will pay foure thouſand men:
If after ward, our powers be not of vſe,

We shall withdraw them to their Prouinces,
May this content you curious Cittizens?
Cham. The offer is so Honorable now,
As modestly, we cannot challenge it:
Captaine *Cornelius* what's your counsell?
Van. This:
Say, that you feare the Spaniards will conceiue *Aside to*
Some high displeasure, if you take them in, *Champ.*
My Lords these fat purs'd peasants are so proude,
Friends and defence, are lesse esteem'd then pelfe.
Mar. Gouernor of *Antwerpe*, how are you resolu'd?
Cham My Lords, the Prince of *Orenge* and your selues,
And all the States deserue our dutious loue
And humble seruice: first, for sending power,
Then promising pay and victuals for that power:
But with your pardon, yet there is a let,
That makes vs loath to take your armie in.
Egm. What let *Champaigne*?
Champ. The Spanish Gouernor,
Danila, commaunder of the Castle heere,
If we receiue your troopes into our Towne,
Will iudge we haue some purpose of reuolt,
And raising armes against the King of Spaine.
Mar. What if he doe?
Cham. His fierie spirit enflam'd,
Will send out bullets from the Cittadell,
And teare the sumptuous buildings of our towne.
Bur. As late he did when we were banqueting,
And thought no harme, but drinking health to health,
He shot, and slew some innocent poore soules,
And rent our State-house and some buildings else.
Van. Hee'll rend you better if our purpose holde.
Egm. What was the cause?
Cham. Because we did not sincke,
The Prince of *Orenge* Ships, that lay to waft
Prouision to our Citty vp the Riuer.

Eng. Gower. Obserue by that you discreete Gouernors,
What loue or faith the Spaniard holdes with you,
That for his pride would haue your Citty pine;
Hauing destroy'd the corne on Flaunders side,
And cross'd a bridge of Conuoy to your towne;
Then that the Riuer should not victuall you,
He wish'd you sinke that shipping in the *Skelt*.

Egm. Collect by this the Spaniards crueltie,
Who though occasion should not come from you,
Would picke a quarrell for occasion,
To sacke your Cittie, and to sucke your bloud,
To satisfie his pride and luxurie:
Let *Harlem*, *Marstricht*, *Alst* example you,
And many Citties models of his wrath,
Thinke on my Father and the Countie *Horne*,
Whose tragedie, if I recount with ruth,
May moue the stones of *Antwerpe* to relent.
They seru'd the Spaniard as his Liedge-men sworne,
Yet, for they did but wish their countrie good,
He pickt a quarrell, and cut off their heades.
Burgers the Spaniard waites to take your liues,
That he may spoyle your towne, your wealth, your wiues.

Eng. Gou. Receiue your friends, preuent his treachery,
Least vnawares you taste his tirranye.

Mar. What benefit (good Country-men) gaine we,
That prostitute our fortunes and our bloud,
In your defence?

Cham. Say, shall we let them in?

Van. In troth I thinke the Spaniard meanes no harme.

Cham. Meane what he may, wee'll not offend such
As these, the Prince of *Orenge* and the State, (friends,
Your Armie is at *Ksbdorpe* Port you say?

Mar. There stay our forces.

Cham. We will let them in,
And quarter them with all conuenient speede.
Van End draw vp your Almaignes to one place,

And

And keep good rule for feare of ciuill braules,
And now my Lords I will attend on you.

Exeunt Champ. Marq. Egm.

Bur. I will attend to locke and guard my doores,
And keepe my wealth, my wife, and daughter safe,
For feare these hungry soldiers get a snatch. *Exit*

Manet Van and his boy.

Van. Yonker come heere, haste to the Castle wall,
And call to speake with *Sancto Danila*,
Tell him from me, the Flies begin to swarme,
The Sunne growes hot, the heards do shake their hornes,
The Shepheards bring great flockes home to the folde,
Say, if the Butcher slaughter not in time,
The beastes will surfet, and the Soldiers pyne,
Therefore begin before one glasse be runne,
And we shall win ere setting of the Sunne:
Remember this, be secret and away. *Exit boy.*
Now (*Antwerpe*) comes the Spaniards holly-day,
With them ioyne I, my share is in the gold,
I runne with the Hare, and with the hound I holde,
This Sunday shall be dismall to the towne,
The Burgers dye, their gallant wiues goe downe.

As he is going out Stumpe encounters him.

Enter Burger, Champaigne, *and their wiues.*

Bur. Afore good wife, I feare that all's not well,
Monsieur Champaigne what's your opinion?
Cham. Doubtles, the Spaniards do intend some hurt,
Harke how the tumult still increaseth:
Wife. For shame,
Be not so fearefull, say that for some offence,
Eyther commenced, or but in conceipt;
The Spaniards were maliciously inclin'd:
Haue yee not Soldiers to withstand their force?
What should you need to be solicitous,

Keepe yee within.

Bur. Nay wife thou dost mistake,
If thou imagins we intend to fight;
Tis not our meaning, nor we are at the charge
To pay them wages, wherefore should not they
Be at the care to see the Cittie safe.

2 Wif. The Citty's safe enough without their care,
Will you to dinner?

Cham. Wherefore shoote they thus,
Vnlesse there were some villanie abroach?

2 Wif. Wherefore shoote they but to trye their peeces,
I warrant you husband tis no other wise.

Enter Marques with his sword drawne.

Bur. Heere comes the *Marques*, he can tell the newes.

Cham. The cause my Lord of this unrestfull uproare?

Mar. The cause is murder, miserie and death;
You men of *Antwerpe*, if with all the speede
And expedition, that in men remaines,
You take not weapons to repulse the foe,
That like a swarme of deadlie stinging Hornets,
Haue all this while lay hid within their nest;
But now doe flye abroad with dreadfull noise,
As if so many Furies were awakt.
To armes then all that loue your Countries peace.

Bur. How doe ye meane my Lord? or who are those
Your Lordship shadowes vnder-neath the name
Of swarming Hornets?

Mar. Are you so dull of sence?
And still so lull'd in your securitie?
Whom should I meane, but bloudie *Davila*,
And furious *Alua* his compeere in armes,
That fill the Castle yard with their Battalions,
And striue to take possession of your streetes:
To armes then straight, if you will keep them backe. *Exit.*

Bur. Ist like that *Alua* is reuiu'd againe?

1 Wif. As like as he intendes to take the towne.

Cham. But I suspect there is some treacherie.

2 wif. Will you beleeue his words, he doth but iest,
To try how we will take it if twere so.

Champ. Nay by his lookes and by his sodaine haste,
It should appeare the Marques doth not iest.

Enter Egmont *and* Stump.

Egm. To armes to armes, oh where's the Gouernor?
Giue order that your Citizens prepare:
To stand vpon their guard, defend themselues,
For whom you trusted, turnes his weapons point
Vpon your bosomes: all the Almaigne force,
Is quite reuolted, and the enemie
Entring your streetes: *Van Eid* that damned slaue,
Giues ayde to Spaine, and with his trayterous hand
Drawes in destruction, if you looke not to it. (Trenches?

Cham. Where are the Switzers should supply the

Egm. Drunke in their lodgings, and in reeling foorth,
The Spaniards (vnresisted) murder them:
For honors sake, for wretched *Antwerps* sake,
Stand not amazed, but with courageous hearts,
And forward hands, fight for your liberties. *Exit.*

Stum. Are yet your eye-lids open, are you yet
Awake out of the slumber you were in?
Or will you still lye snorting in your floath?
Be still perswaded you are safe enough?
Vntill the verie instant, you doe feele
Their naked swoords glide through your weasond-pipes:
Or doe you thinke with belching puffes, that flye
From your full paunches, you can blow them backe?
Or is the bottome of a deepe carouse,
Able to drowne them? will their furie melt
At the beholding of your daintie wiues?
Or can submission be a flickler
In these hot braules? I tell ye burgers no,

Faire words will beasyle to burning pitch;
And golde as Sulpher to inkindled flames,
Your daughters chastitie must quench their lust;
And your deare wiues, inrich their lawlesse armes:
I said as much, but would not be beleeu'd,
Now tell me if I prophesied aright?
Or that my zealous words deseru'd rebuke?
Did I not say, the Crocadile did weepe,
But to obtaine his pray? the Sea looke smooth,
But for a storme: would any thing be thought,
By the close confluence of the Spanish troopes
Into the Castle, but some massacre?
Yet was I rated to obiect as much,
Reuil'd and bafled for my loyaltie:

Cham. I prithee Soldier, leaue thy bitter words,
And helpe to fight for *Antwerpes* libertie.

Stump. You haue another groate to giue me then,
I know your liberall mindes will scorne t'impose,
The sweat of bloudie daunger on the brow
Of any man, but you'l reward him for it:
He shall at least (when he hath lost his limmes)
Be sent for harbour to a spittle-house.
How say yee, shall he not? Good reason then,
But we should venture, yes, to laugh at you,
Whilst we beholde the Spaniard cut your throates:
An obiect base mechanicke set aworke;
A swettie Cobler, whose best industrie,
Is but to cloute a Shoe, shall haue his fee;
But let a Soldier, that hath spent his bloud,
Is lame'd, vnleas'd, or any way distrest,
Appeale for succour, then you looke a sconce
As if you knew him not; respecting more
An Ostler, or some drudge that rakes your kennels,
Than one that fighteth for the common wealth.

Bur. It is thy Countrie that doth binde thee to it,
Not any imposition we exacte,

Stum. Bindes me my country with no greater bondes,
Than for a groate to fight? then for a groate,
To be infeebled, or to loose a limme?
Poore groates-worth of effection; Well, Ile learne
To pay my debt, and to measure my desert
According to the rate: a groate I had,
And so much as a groate amounts vnto you,
My swoord shall pay ye in exchange of blowes. *Exit.*

Enter two Cittizens.

Cham. Cittizens, how now?

1 Cit. Oh *Monsieur Champaigne*,
We are vndone for want of discipline.

2 Cit. The Spaniards hurrie into euerie streete,
What shall we doe for safeguard of our liues?

Bur. What shall yee doe? stand euery man at's doore,
And take in's hand a Holbert or browne bill,
And studie to defend him as he may.

Cha. I heare them comming, let vs shift away. *Exeunt*

In the Alarum, Alua *and* Danila *pursue* Marques Hauurie, *and* Count Egmont *furiously.*

Alu. *Marques d'Hauurie* stay, thou canst not scape.

Dan. And stay Count *Egmont*: *Danilaes* conquering
Pursues thy life, therfore abide and yeeld it. (swoord,

Mar. Insatiate *Alua*, that like Sun-rist ground,
Neuer suffis'd with sweetest shewers that fall,
But with a thousand mouthes gapes still for more.
So thy desire of bloud nere satisfied,
With the rich tribute of so many liues,
Whose guiltles bloud hath dyed poore *Belgias* cheekes,
And chang'd her like a drunken Bacchanall,
Still with a thousand quenchles appetites,
Dost thirst for more, as if that spirite
Were the sole obiect of thy hearts best hopes.

Know Tyrant, *Marquis Hanurie* flyes thee not,
As fearing all the vttermoſt thou canſt,
But the oppreſſion of vnequall power,
Falſe treaſon, that betrayed our liues to thee,
And the ſharpe ſcourge, that fond ſecuritie,
Hath iuſtlie throwne on *Antwerpes* wilfulnes

Egm. Theſe are the ſluices that haue brought on vs,
The ſwelling pride and tyranie of Spaine,
Which *Antwerpe* careles off, although fore-warnde
By many bleeding inſtances about her,
Could not; nay, would not be aduiſ'd at all.
Tell me but this, *Alua* and *Danila* both,
What ſtate is there, be it nere ſo populare,
Abounding in the height of fortunes giftes;
And all felicities of worldlie Pompe,
That ſees ſad deſolation ſit in teares,
Vpon her neighbour Cittie's warres keene edge,
Hath furrowed through their entrailes, let them blood,
In euerie artire that maintaineth life,
Yet will not dread her daunger to be neere?
But warme her at their fiers, ſing at their ſighes,
Reuelling in her countleſſe vanities,
As a perpetuall date were ſet thereon.
Tell me I ſay, you that haue ſeene all this,
And as deuils, Saints in the blacke Kallender
Of wretcheſt woe may truelie be ſet downe,
As Authors of theſe ſad confuſions?
Doe not you deeme that ſtate well worth the illes,
That this remiſſenes brought vpon the reſt? (mone.

Mar. They cannot but confeſſe ſo much Count *Egm.*

Eg. If this be graunted, what's your glorie then?
An armed man to kill an naked ſoule?
A thouſand Sickles thruſt into a field,
Of Summer ripened and reſiſtles corne?
A mightie tide to ouer-run a land,
Where no defence or bancke to keepe it backe?

This is your honor, this their miserie,
That are not conquer'd, but dye wilfullie.
Alu. Warre taketh hold on all aduantages.
Mar. What needs aduantage, where is no resist?
Dan. So much the better, this is our discipline,
Therefore submit or dye.
Mar. Not while I haue a hand to lift my sword,
Alu. Nor you Count *Egmont*?
Egm. *Alua*, nor I.
Egmont will with honour both liue and dye.

The Alarum againe, and Champaigne *is pursued in by* Romero, Verdugo *and* Van End, *where he is slaine: so is the* Marques Hauurie, *and all engirting Count* Egmont, Alua *steps to defend him, & they strike at him.*

Alu. Holde when I bid ye; strike yee all at mee?
Dan. Why stands thou then to guard an enemie?
Alu. Because I will, honor incites me to it,
The honor of this worthie Noble-man,
And his high spirit euen in the face of death.
Yeeld thee braue *Egmont*, *Alua* doth intreate thee,
In pittie of thy bolde aduenturous youth,
And hopefull Fortunes shining in thine eyes,
Thou seest these slaine, yet will I saue thy life:
Thou seest me wounded, to preserue thy life.
I that was neuer pittifull before,
Am forc'd to pitty thee, what wouldst thou more?
Egm. Such pitty *Alua*, as thou shewedst my Father,
And Noble *Horne*, such thou intendst to me,
Therfore proceede, & neuer pitty me. *They offer at him again*
Alu. Strike not I charge ye: come *Egmont* come,
I sweare that thou shalt yeeld; strike, spare me not,
Alas thou art too faint; come, yeeld thee now, *Striuing to*
Ifaith I will not hurt thee: So, haue done, *get againe*
Nay, no more weapons, thou art my prisoner. *his weapons*

And

And I will vſe thee verie honorablie.
Egm. *Alua*, let forth my life, & then thou honorſt me
Alu. Not for the world, priſoner thou ſhalt to Spaine,
And there be entertain'd to thy deſertes.
Now pittie, packe from *Aluaes* hatt againe,
Againſt my nature once I lookt on thee.
For this Ccunts ſake: now to the deſatts flye,
For hauocke, ſpoile and murder now I crye. *Exeunt.*

Champaignes *wife hurried by two raſcall Soldiers.*

Lad. Haue mercie on a woman I beſeech you,
As you are men and Soldiers:
If you be chriſtians doe not doe me ſhame.
1 Sold. Search her.
2 Sold. Zwonds turne her inſide outward.
1 Sold. Ranſacke her, euerie part of her.

Enter Stump.

La. For manhood ſpare me. *They ſtand to ſearch her.*
Stum. How nimblie death be-ſtirs him euery where,
And I that am a wearie of my life,
And would faine dye I cannot,
Death is ſo proude he will not looke on me,
Theſe muddie roagues that hoorded vp their coyne,
Now haue their throates cut for the coyne they haue:
They that for two pence would haue ſeene me ſtarue,
And ſtill my olde rotten ſtump and I,
Trot vp and downe as long as we can wag.
They begin to ſtrip her.
La. As you are men, be mercifull to me.
1 Sol. Caſt lots who ſhall haue her.
2 Sol. Ile giue thee my ſhare for thy part.
1 Sol. Ile haue my ſhare in her.
2 Sol. Off with her Iewels.
Stum. How now, two Soldiers ranſacking a woman?

O tis *Champaigner* wife that was the Gouernor,
Heere is she, that would not haue been seene
with a moath vpon her, for a thousand pound;
That spent as much on Munkeys, Dogs and Parrets,
As would haue kept ten Soldiers all the yeere.
Zblood I haue seene her, where I haue past by her
In the streetes, to stop her nose with her sweete gloues,
For feare my sinell should haue infected her;
And now I liue to see her lug'd, and torne
By lowzie totter'd roagues: O *Antwerpe, Antwerpe,*
Now Madame *Marchpaigne*, minx, your Blowes
And you are one.

1 Sol. Lets haue her in the next corner.

2 Sold. Draw her along,

Stum. Take that she has it is sufficient,
But goe no further, it is inhumaine to abuse a woman.

1 Sol. What roague art thou, darst speake vnto a Spaniard?

Stumpe. No roague Sir, but a Soldier as you are,
And haue had one leg more then I haue now.
Pointing to his leg.
Sir, heer's my Pasport, I haue knowne the warres, (heere.
And haue had the vantage of as faire a spoile as you haue

2 Sol. Away you whorson cripple rascall.

Stu. You totter'd shake-rag'd roagues, what domi-
If *Daluas* self were heere, he should not doe it. (neere you?

He drawes his sword, killes one, and the other flyes.

La. Good Soldier, heer's one Iewell that they haue not
That I doe vallue at a thousand crownes,
I pray thee take it.

Stum. What should I doe with it, can you tell?
To haue my throate cut for it, ha?
No, no, your Sister Mince-pies groate
Will doe me no pleasure now.

La. For Gods loue, as you euer did respect a woman,
Helpe to conuay me to some place of safetie.

Stum. Where is it? not in *Antwerpe.*
Your closet will not serue your turne,
You cannot walke to your garden-house.
La. For Gods sake, helpe me as you are a man.
Stump. Well, follow me, Ile doe the best I can.

A company of rascall Soldiers came heere pursuing the Ladie, he fightes and beares her away from them all.

After a triumphant shout within, enter Alua, Danila, Romero, Verdugo, Van End, *with their Rapiers drawne, crying.*

All. Victorie, victorie, *Antwerpe* and victorie.
Alu. So valliant Lords, this Musicke likes me well,
Now may we boldely say the towne is ours:
Yet sheath not your victorious swoords awhile,
Till you haue reapt the Harueſt of your paine,
In which pursuite, torture, exacte and kill,
No lesse then in your fury you haue done.
If the proude *Antwerpers* (that doe suruiue)
Lay not their treasure at your conquering feete.
Dan. Though no resistance any where appeare,
Yet let not anger so decline with you:
Be proude of victorie, as well yee may,
Knowing the worth of your attained prize.
Tis wealthie *Antwerpe* you haue won, and how?
Not by a lingering siedge, of monthes or yeares,
But in a moment; entring at a leauen,
By two a clocke her haughtie pride is shrunke,
And she in duetie stoopeth to your will.
Alu. Can any heere report the certaine number,
Of those that haue been slaine during the conflict?
Ro. I had a note my Lord, as I remember,
The number of the dead, by vs cut off,

Is seauenteene thousand.

Dan. But of our men,
How many fell there in this short assault?

Ro. Three hundred, or not manie more my Lord.

Alua. For those three hundred, let ten thousand more,
Of this subiected Cittie loose their liues,
Chaine them together in the Market place,
By hundreds and two hundreds: and with shot,
Ring them about vntill they all be slaine,
Spare neither widdow, matron, nor young maide,
Gray-bearded Fathers, nor the babe that suckes.
One Spaniards bloud, I value better worth,
Then many hundreds of these drunken Dutch.

Ver. First, if it please yee, quarter we the towne,
That euerie one may know his priuiledge.

Alu. Well thought vpon *Verdugo*: thus it shall be.
The Burse, the State-house, and the Market place,
Belongs to me: the Castle and that side,
To *Santto Danila*: on the other hand
The key, and water-port (*Verdugo*) is yours.
Saint Georges port, and Kibdop, we assigne
To Lord *Romero*: and for you *Van End*,
The North part of the Cittie, Venus streete,
Remaines the subiect of desired spoile:
So Lords, if I haue well deuided, speake;
If not, you shall be pleas'd before we part?

Dan. Your Lordship hath discreetelie cast our lots,
And for my part, I doe accept of mine.

Ro. So doth *Romero*.

Ver. And *Verdugo* too.

Van. And I no lesse, than who is best content.

Alu. About it then, be euerie one as quicke,
In rifling of these rich Burgers, as he was
In the assault: the world may talke of vs,
As well for vallor, as our quicke dispatch.

Da. My Soldiers and my self will straight begin.

Rom. And mine shall follow. *Exit.*
Cor. Ile not be behinde. *Exit.*
Alua. What will *Verdugo?*

Enter English Gouernor and Godfry.

Ver. Not be Idle long,
But who are these so sawcily intrude?
Alua. Who are ye? speake, that like vnbidden guests,
Dare tempt the patience of incensed *Alua?*
Gou. We are of England (Castiles Generall)
Alu. Of England are ye? what although you be,
Backe slaues vnto the doore from whence ye came,
And on your knees sollicite *Aluaes* greatnes:
If you doe looke for mercie at his hands. (knees,
Ver. Backe when he bids you; now downe vpon your
And craule vnto his presence to beg life.
Alu. Verdugo, drag him by the long tail'd beard,
Alua doth scorne to waite vpon their leasure.
Ve. Come forward with a pox; now speake your mind,
And speake discreetlie, least you speake your last.
Gou. This crueltie is more then we deserue,
And more than we expected would be showne.
Alu. Taxe ye me then with crueltie so soone?
You shall haue cause. *Offers to strike.*
Ver. Nay heare them speake my Lord.
Al. What can they say to shield thēselues from death?
Gouē. Nothing my Lord, if in your angrie spleane
You haue alreadie past your sentence on vs:
But would the Duke of *Alua* coole his rage,
And mildelie heare vs: we would say my Lord,
That Englands league with Spaine, King *Phillips* word,
Past to our gratious Mistris, were enough
To warrant all the liues of any such,
As are her subiects in this wretched towne:
And not their liues alone, but safe protection
Both for their goods and money: but if now

Your Highnes hath commission to breake
The holie contract which your King hath made,
We must be patient and abide the worst.
Al. Why what are thou that standst vpon the league?
Go. Gouernor (my Lord) of the English house.
Al. Sirra, you challenge the vertue of the league,
Yet vnderstand not how the league is made.
So long as you conuerse not with the foes
Of royall *Phillip*, nor withstand his right,
You are exempt the rigour of his scourge;
But being heere, in this rebellious towne,
You must partake the punishment they feele.
Go. We are not heere great Lord, to ioyne with them
In any bolde confederacie of warre,
But for the traffick, which all nations else,
(As well as England) haue within this place.
Alu. Why left ye not the Cittie then, perceiuing
We meant to call their duetie to account?
Go. We had no signe of any such intent.
Al. You cannot so be quit nor so excus'd,
Therefore prouide before to morrow night,
To bring vnto vs fortie thousand Crownes,
For ransome of your house; or if you faile,
Both goods and liues shall all be forfeited:
So much we are content to yeeld vnto,
Because we will not seeme to breake the league.
Go. Alas my Lord, tis more then (at this time)
Our goods and money will amount vnto,
Considering that our credit (by this trouble)
Is quite cut off, with any of the Citty.
Alu. Shift as you can, I vow to haue no lesse,
And at the appointed time, *Exit.*
Ver. Consider of it,
His fauour's great in giuing you such scope. *Exit.*
Go. So is the Cat that dallieth with the mouse,
But in the end, her pastime is his death;

We

We must prouide, the Spaniards thirst is great,
And better that we quench it with our golde,
Than let them swallow and carouse our bloudes:
I prethee *Godfrie* trie thy friendes abroad,
And any money that thou hast bring foorth,
That we may make the summe which he desires.
God. Ile doe the best I can, though hard it be,
To finde a friend in this extreamitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sancto Danda, *an olde Citizen and Soldiers.*

Cit. Let not your roughintreatie so molest,
The soule of him whose spirit alreadie stoopes,
Vnder the heauy burthen of weake age;
You haue my treasure, what more can you craue?
Dan. Thy life if so we please: there yet remaines
A Iewell of more worth than all thy wealth,
Which (like a mizer) thou didst hide from vs.
Thou hast a daughter, whome till we enioy,
All pittie that proceedes from vs, sits heere,
Vpon the sharpe point of my Semiter;
Where is she speaker?
Slaine in this tumult.
What other being than her graue my Lord,
Can be suppos'd she hath?
Dan. Torture the slaue,
His guilefull heart, that studies to conceale,
My deare hearts treasure, shall be forc't in sighes
To publish, what his stubborne tongue denies.
Sol. Thou hearst olde fellow, trifle than no longer,
But shew him where thy daughter doth abide.
Dan. Why pawse ye on my bidding, let him dye,
That doubles with a Spaniard in his will.
Cit. Heare ye my Lord
Dan. Not any whispering noise,
Not any tittle, doth not beare the sound,

Of beauties ſweet fruition to mine eares.
Cit. My daughter lines, but not within the reach
Of my commaund: a Nunnerie in the armes
Of her religious peaceſull priuiledge,
Doth clip her ſilly frighted Virgins life,
From whence my Lord ſhe cannot be recall'd.
Dan. Beare Arte vpon thy tongue, that may vnlocke
The gates of that incloſed Sanctuarie,
And firſt intreate; but if intreatie faile,
Then vſe commaund; if neither will preuaile,
Yet ſo thou ſhalt not ceaſe, but in the cordes
Of violent furie drag the Damſell thence:
My ſoldiers ſhall attend to ſee it done,
That if thou ſhrinke, their weapons naked points,
May gordge thy ſides, till thou bleed out thy life.
Cit. I would that Sacrifice might end this ſtrife.
Da. Away with him, loue faints through colde delay.
Tis *Danila* ſpeakes, and what he will he may.

Enter Factor.

Of whence are you?
Fac. Of England Noble Lord,
A Factor to a London Marchant heere,
Who hauing tryed my friends, and ſtrain'd my purſe,
To make my ranſome: am now carrying it
To mightie *Alua*, to redeeme my life.
Dan. What value is it?
Fac. Full fiue hundred Dollors.
Dan. Is this the vtmoſt penny thou canſt make?
Fac. The length and depth of my abilitie.
Dan. It will not ſerue: or ſearch thy cheſt for more,
Or bide the torture we impoſe on ſuch,
As cunningly, withholde what we demaund.
Fac. There is not in the world (that I may call
Rightly mine owne) one Stiuer or one Doyte,
More then is there compriz'd within that bag.
Dan. Giue him the ſtrippado; we will coyne

Out

Out of your disioynted limmes other summes.

Fac. The world doth know, my conscience and iust heauen,
That there is all (at this time) I possesse.

Dan. Saue what is throwne into some hollow vaule,
Or sunke into some Well; or buried deepe

Hoise him vp and let him downe againe.

Within the earth: so hoise the peasant vp,
Now let him downe; will ye confesse as yet,
Where we may finde the treasure you haue hid?

Fac. That which (my Lord) is not, cannot be hid,
And to say that I know not, will but wrong
Your expectation, and deceiue my selfe.

Sol. Let him rest my Lord, it seemes the wretch
Argues the troth, and this is all he hath.

Dan. Hence greedy begger, harke (peeld sheepe)
Goe hide thee in some bush, till waxing houres
Giue thee another fleece to cloath thee with.
Yonder ariseth the bright morning Starre.

Enter an old citizen with his daughter.

Whose rich resplendour gildes my happy thoughts,
And opens mynes of treasure to my soule;
Welcome faire sweet, mine armes shall be thy throane,
Where seated once, mocke death, and laugh to scorne,
The boysterous threates, of bloud be-sprinckled warre,
Who whilst he shewes wilde Friscoes in the streetes,
And with his Gamballes, ouerthrowes huge buildings,
Mingle their totter'd ruynes, with the limmes
And Clotted bloud of many thousand soules:
Shall as an Anticke in thy sight appeare,
Yeelding no more occasion to be fear'd,
Than painted shapes of Lyons on a wall.

Daug. Beholde a Virgin, whose distilling teares
Turne the drye dust to paste, where she doth kneele,
Beholde the Siluer cognisance of age,

Soylde

Soyl'd with dissoluing drops of sorrows rage?
If me you touch with a lasciuious hand,
As from his eyes descendes a floud of teares;
So will you draw a riuer from his heart,
Of his wifes bloud; both waies you shall obscure,
The honor of your name: if Virgin I,
Or aged he, misdoe by tyranie.

Cit. Let conquest satisfie, since in the strength
Of your succes-full power, our Cittie vailes,
And lyes in prostrate duetie at your feete:
Or if not conquest, be appeas'd with golde,
Which in aboundance pleades for our release,
Onely refraine, our conscience to wound,
With that, for which there is no phisicke found.

Dan. I am impatient, she shall be my loue,
Of all the spoiles are reapt by painefull warre,
Blot beautie out, and what's our victorie?
But as a banquet without compani*e*. *Alarum.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Arme you my Lord, and to the fight againe,
A crew of stragling Soldiers (lately vanquisht)
Haue gathered head, and in the heate of rage,
Giue fresh assault: the leader to the rest,
Is a lame fellow that doth want a legge,
Who layes about him like a deuill of hell.

Dan. A troope of Muskets guarde this damsell hence,
And to my lodging see her safely brought, *alarum againe*
Why stirre yee not? inuiron her with shot,
Whilst we extinguish (with a shewer of bloud)
This late inkindled fire: be gone I say.

Sol. It is impossible to passe the streetes,
They are so pester'd with this brainsicke crew:
And harke my Lord, except you mount be time,
(The clamorous tumult drawes so neere this place,)

Both you and we shall be surpriz'd by them.

Da. Is there no Fortresse neere, nor house of strength,
Where I may leaue my Loue, till this blacke cloude,
Of swolne Hostilitie be ouer-blowne?

Sold. Not any (good my Lord) leade on your troopes.

Dan. Then rather than another shall inioy,
What *Danila* held esteemed in his eye,
Heere it began, and heere my loue shall dye.

Shootes her with a Pistoll.

Another Stab her Father, both combinde,
By natures lawes, by natures law shall end. *Exeunt*

Stab the olde man.

Enter Leiutenant Vaughan *and Captaine.*

Vaugh. Yet is not *Antwerpe* quite bereft of life,
So long as we two breath, to stand for her,
Nor shall her ransacke passe, without some right
Of iust reuenge: witnes this last assault,
Wherein the Scales of Iustice haue been fill'd,
With (at the least) a hundred Spaniards liues,
That thought their victorie to be secure.
But who are these? a Burger, and with him
His tender daughter, hauing both sustain'd
The heauy stroake of death?

Cap. I knew them well.
They were my neighbors, neere vnto the Burse.

Vau. Had these gray hayres retain'd the reuerent worth
Of graue experience, as they might haue done,
And had you bin more rich in inward giftes,
And lesse magnificent in outward shew,
Then had you liu'd, to dye a naturall death:
And you to see some of his honor'd yeeres.
But pride and luxury, haue euer been,
The gate of miserie, and nurse of sinne:
Yet though you me contemn'd, I grieue your fall,
And will in pitty, giue you buriall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lenchy *and* Martin *two little children running.*

Mar. Alas poore *Lenchy*, whether shall we goe?
Len. I cannot tell; come *Martin* let vs hide vs.
Mar. Where is my Father?
Len. He is in our house.
Mar. Let vs goe thether?
Len. All the streete is full of Spaniards; they haue kil'd Little *Maria*, and *Hans Vanderbrooke*.
Mar. Ah whether shall we goe?
Len. Let's hide vs heere, no Spaniard wil come hether.
Mar. Nay *M. Hulders* Orchard is hard by.
Wee'll get in there, and hyd's among the trees,
Len. Come let vs run. *A great noise as they are going.*
Mar. Alas the Spaniard's comming, what shal we doe?
Len. Alas poore *Martin* we shall both be kil'd.
Mar. Alas poore *Lenchy*, kisse me prettie Sister,
Now we must dye.
Len. Let's sit downe heere, and *Mart.* I wil clip thee in
Mine armes, they shall not see thee.
Mar. But they will kill thee, (ther?
Alas where is my poore old Father now, and my poor mo-

Enter two Spaniards running, with their swords drawne.

1 Spa. Kill, kill, kill.
2 Spa. Tue, Tue, Tue, Tue.
1 Spa. Fuora villiaco.
2 Spa. Follow, follow, follow, follow.
Mar. I pray you M. Spaniard hurt vs not,
We are poore children, we haue done no harme.
Len. Good Gaffer doe not kill my little brother.
1 Spa. Fuora villiaco, sa, sa, sa, sa,
Mar. Ah Master Spaniard doe not kill my Sister,
My father is a poore blinde man, and he will dye,

If you kill her.

2 Spa. Cut the Bastards throates.

The children gets fast holde, and hang vpon the Spaniards.

Len. O kill vs not, wee'll hang vpon your armes,
Sweet Gaffer, stay and looke me in the face,
Haue you the heart to kill a prettie Girle?

Mar. Good Master Spaniard doe not kill vs,
Take any thing we haue, but saue our liues.

1 Spa. How the young brattes cling about our swords?

2 Spa. Zwounds, dash out their braines.

Enter olde blinde Harman *and his wife.*

Har. Where are my children? *Martin, Lenchy* speake,
I heard you cry, speake prettie soules, where are you?

Wi. Husband, *Harman*, whether will you goe?
Alas you fall into the enemies hands
For lacke of sight.

Har. My children wife, my children, where are they?

1 Spa. Heere you blind traytor, whether you shall go,
To your throate-cutting.

Mar. Heere Father, heere, alas we shall be kild.

Wif. O my sweet children,

2 Sp. Out you Brabant bitch, thinke you with whining
To preserue your whelpes?

Wif. O spare the infants, and the aged blinde,
These haue not might, nor power to doe you hurt.

1 Spa. Cut all their throates.

Har. Kill vs, but let our little children liue.

Len. Helpe mother helpe, or else we shall be kild.

Har. weeping. Hard harted Soldiers, where haue you bin (bred?
Get honour on the proude resisting foe,
My selfe haue bin a Soldier as you are,
Now blinde with age:
Olde men, weake women, and poore wretched infants,
Should be respected in the heate of slaughter.

O doe not this foule iniurie to armes;
Let my poore Babies leade me to my graue,
Where are you my poore children?

Mar. Father, heere.

Har. Where art thou *Lenchy*?

Len. Heere poore Father.

Har. Olde as I am, and I haue tolde this towne,
That you ſhould ſaeke it, I did propheſie.

2 Spa. Then Prophet, didſt thou propheſie of this?

Stabs the Children.

Wif. Ah bloudie Spaniard, that haſt ſlaine my children.

1 Spa. Bitch, art thou raylings take thou this. *Stabs her.*

2 Spa. And this, *Stabs him.*
Get you together with your damned brats.

Har. O cruel Spaniard, that doſt ſpare no age nor ſexe,
Where art thou wife, and my poore little children?

Falles downe.

wif. Their bleſſed ſoules in *Abrahams* boſome reſtes,
Their bodies lye betwixt thy ſelfe and me,
By whome theſe prettie wretches were begot,
O let me ioyne my freezing lips to thine,
Now farewell *Antwerpe*, ſay not we did flye,
Where with thy fall, olde, yong, and all muſt dye.

Enter Alua, *Engliſh Gouernor and ſoldiers.*

Alua. Thinke yee to purchaſe freedome at this rate?
Some thriftles prodigall beſtowes in wine,
Or ſpends in dalliance on his Curtizan,
Fiue thouſand crownes: ſit like your ſtore affoords
No greater plentie: eyther from your cheſtes,
That ſwell with ſurfet of your auarice,
Raine downe a larger ſhewer of fruitfull golde,
Or tender flowring pittie, nere will ſpring.

Goue. I doe proteſt (my Lord) beſide our Plate,
And houſholde furniture, this is the ſumme,

Of all the wealth, at this time may be found
Within the English-house.
Alu. And is not plate
Good boote for Soldiers? haue you that
And dare yee yet pleade needie pouertie?
Goe fetch it me, or presentlie Ile send
A crew of such sharpe caruers to your gate,
As shall anotamize your panting hearts,
To fill their conquering hands with wished spoiles.
Go. The League with Engl. gaue vs better hope. *Exit*
Alu. Talke not of league nor England, nothing sound
In our warres musicke, that can please the sence;
Vnlesse it haue the chearefull sound of golde.

Enter Factor.

What's he? examine him: if he bring golde,
Free passage haue he; but if emptie be
The hollowes of his hands; or cannot point
By Demonstration, or expresse by speech,
Where it is fled, in this tempestious storme,
That we by hugging it, may banish feare,
And burnish her pale cheekes with firmer red,
Let him haue that belongs, the torturing Corde.
Fac. Excuse my want, that haue alreadie paide
To *Sancta Davila*, fiue hundred Dollors.
Alu. Why not as much to me?
Fac. I haue it not,
Alas (my Lord) consider of my state,
I am but Factor for another man;
Yet of those goods committed to my charge,
Haue I made bolde (so much as I haue said)
To free my life from further preiudice.
Alu. How art thou free, when *Alua* is not fee'de
Fac. I hope (my Lord) one ransome will suffice,
For one poore life.
Alu. That ransome let me see.

Fac. Tis

Fac. Tis paide (my Lord) to *Sancto Danila.*

Alu. That which he hath is his, and none of mine,
vnlesse thou canst transforme vs, and of two
Make but one person: goe to, trifle not,
But shew me how I may be satisfied,
Or bide the perrill that ensues thereon.

Fac. More satisfaction than I haue (my Lord)
I cannot giue, how ere you torture me.

Alu. That will we try, if roape and Gibbet holde,
Let him indure the punishment, he needes
Will wilfully impose vpon himselfe.

Fac. Oh that you would at once with ruthles steele,
Carue vp my brest, and let my bloud suffice,
To quench your thirst for that I cannot giue.

Alu. So, let him downe, stand off and giue him ayre,
Speake now, and tell vs where thy coyne is hid?

Fac. Will yee beleeue me if I speake the truth?

Alu. So it be truth which thou intendes to speake.

Fac. As I doe hope this troubled soule of mine,
Which now is ready to forsake this flesh,
Shall finde a resting place with my redeemer:
The coyne you seeke, and all the coyne I haue,
Lyes in the Coffers of proude *Danila.*

Alu. Lye there and pine theu, for deluding me. *Exit.*

Enter Verdugo.

Fac. Heere comes another; many strokes (at last)
Cut downe the strongest Oake, much more, the tree
Hath but a few yeares growth, and that by stormes,
And often whirle-windes shaken and decayed.

Ver. Hast thou bin lately falne into the hands
Of such as haue had ryfling of thy purse?

Fac. I haue good Sir.

Ver. What art, a Cittizen?

Fac. Euen what ye will, a miserable man.

Ver. It seemes, I come too late to profit by thee?

Fac. You

Fac. You may immagine by my ſicke faint ſpeech,
And by my faltring limmes diſtract and ſeuer'd,
Whether I haue bin tortur'd, yea or no.
Ve. Did they then torture thee for that thou hadſt?
Fac. They did and had it.
Ver. Nothing then remaines?
Fac. Nothing but this poore miſerable life,
Which I would gladly were ſurrendred too.
Ver. They for that thou hadſt, did torture thee,
I ſee that thou haſt not: heere wee'll put
A period to thy daies. Hang him out-right,
And ſo ſpeed all, whoſe naked indigence,
Haue not to feede *Verdugo* for expence. *Exit.*
Fac. My deſtiny, was to dye this ſhamefull death,
Which I accept with thankes to him that giues it,
And England now and London both farewell,
Let after times of Spaniſh ry gor tell. *Hang him.*

Enter Van End *and a Burgers wife.*

Van. Thus will I feaſt my ſelfe with *Antwerpes* ſpoile,
And glut my pyning ſoule with tragicke Acts,
Say pamperd Froe, where is thy treaſure hid?
Speake truth, or breath thy laſt vpon this ſteele,
The bloudy temper'd torment of this towne.
Ile batter downe your pride from whence it came,
And with your ornaments adorne vaſt hell.
wif. Spare me *Van End* I am a harmeles woman,
Aſtoniſht vnto death with fighting wordes,
Refraine thy deedes, and let the ſtronger ſort,
Be miſerable patients of thy wrath
Van. Pittie preuailes not, treaſure is the fee,
That bribes the terror of my threatning breſt,
And therefore ſpeake, elſe haſt thou ſpoke thy laſt.
wife. Within that vault lyes all my wretched wealth,
My gold, my plate, my Iewels all are there.

Van. Then

Van. Then, there that heape of glorie lyes for me,
Which is the way?

She pushes him downe.

wif. That is the curſed way,
Goe thou accurſt into that ſhade of hell,
The Image of that euerlaſting night,
Where thy damn'd ghoaſt muſt dwel exempt from light.

Enter Stumpe.

Stum. What ſtirre is heere? what diſcontented rumor
Sendes ſecond meſſage to my dull ſtrucke dayes,
Accuſtom'd to the ſcreeching yell of death?
Lady, what grieuance? what is there to doe?

wif. Oh gentle Soldier, heauen hath got me triumph,
Ouer that hell-borne furie, damn'd *Van End*,
That ſolde the beautie of this famous towne:
And rauiſht *Antwerpe* of her Maiden ioy.

Stum. For Gods ſake let me come plague the dog,
Ile ſtone the Iew to death, and paint this Vault
With the vnhallowed bloud of wicked treaſon:
Heere, weare this waightie Iewell in thy hat,
The towne hath ſent it for a token ſlaue; *Throw ſtones.*
I bought this with the groate you gaue me ſir; *Another ſto.*
Soldiers muſt loath deſpiſ'd ingratitude.
This woman for her ranſome ſends you this; *another.*
Giue theſe two vnto *Charon* for your paſſing. *another.*
And with this laſt, preſent grim *Belzebub*. *another.*
So ſleepe thy ſoule with princely *Lucifer*,
And take ſuch fare as treaſon will affoord.
Come Lady, thus you ſee good friends muſt part,
Lament not for his loſſe his tyme was come,
And friendes from friends, muſt eyther goe or run.

Enter three or foure ſoldiers.

1 Sol. You ſee that all is loſt, all ſpoilde and ſackt,

What thinke you the best course to get away?

2 Sol. Is there no place of strength, nor hope of safetie?

3 Sol. No hope but death, for three daies being past
Since the first entred; now being in colde bloud,
The Spaniard is as hot in execution,
As the first houre he entred on the towne.

1 Sol. Like maymed men let's passe out one by one,
The safest way and with the least suspect.

2 Sol. Dissevering of ourselues, and knowne for
Wallons, ther's not a man of vs shal passe the gates.

Enter Stumpe *and hearing them.*

3 Sol. And if we troope thus as we doe together,
We shall be put to swoord immediately.

1 Sol. It were best to seeke some low part of the wall,
On the moate side, and so escape by swimming.

2 Sol. The Courts of guard, and Sentenels are kept,
And there's no hope of that.

Stumpe. Harke you hark you, whether wil you flye? I wold know that; sbloud whether? whether? ha; where will you be receiu'd? there's not a towne dare receiue you: the Spaniard has all the country; you cannot straggle a foote out of the walles, but your throates are cut; what haue you to carry with you, but your scuruie notch'd limmes? you damn'd roagues, whether will you goe, to feede Wolues? A you whorson rascals; and though these villanous Burgers haue (by their owne securitie) beene the destruction of the Cittie, a pox on them: yet it will bee laide to our charge, because we were in it.

1 Sol. By the mas the olde Lieuetenant sayes true, it wil be so indeed.

Stum. You are all Wallons, but in the miserablest case that euer poore slaues were in: for you see, that if any man hate a man, call him but Wallon, the Spaniards cut his throate, what country-man so ere he be.

2 Sol. Nay it is very true, it is most sure.

Stum. The

Stu. The Dutch on the other side, they hate you worse then Deuils, because the Spaniards entred where you kept the Trenches.

3 Sol. Villaines doe questionles, nay it is certaine.

Stum. What will you doe then? heere is my poore stumpe and I haue stumbled through a thousand shot, & yet we halt together; there was neuer one poore peece of Timber has been so sindg'd as it has been: zbloud it has been foure times a fire vnder me, and yet we scramble together trotting, trotting: You'll bee staru'd euerie mothers Sonne of yee, and worried with dogs, and yet you'll flye.

1 Sol. Why Lieuetenant *Vaughan*, what would yee haue vs doe?

Stum. Dye like men, what should we doe, if there were any hope of safety: but there is not, there is not.

2 Sol. Leiuetenant *Vaughan*, leade vs, and wee'll follow you to the death.

3 Sol. Wee'll not forsake you to the last gaspe.

Stum. Yes, Ile halt before you, follow mee as straight as you can.

1 Sol. Yes, and cut some of their throates before wee dye.

Stum. They say the Spaniards and their whoores are at dice vpon the Change: Ile lay my wodden legge afore them, cast at it who will; but who stands there?

Enter the Captaine.

Cap. It is Leiuetenant *Vaughan* as I take it, Leiuetenant what newes?

Stum. What newes quoth our Captaine: where haue you been?

Cap. I tooke the Friery to escape the Spaniards.

Stum. Well, haue at me the day Captaine, you had rather been a cuting throates, then at a Masse, twas not de-

uotion draue you to the place: so Captaine, Captaine, the
world is turn'd: doe you remember the groate they offe-
red me, when you came to trayne Soldiers? ha, giue him a
groate? ha, ha, ha, I haue since that seene their Mistresses
setting-sticke lug'd by a lowzy Lackey, as naked as a
new shau'd Water-dog: & Lord why went you to the
Fryery? why to the Fryerie?

Cap. What should I doe when the poore Wallons
fighting at the Trenches,
The Spaniards entring on the counterscarfe,
Had not a Soldier sent to second them.
The great swolne bellyed Burgers get browne Billes,
As to driue rascall beggers from their doores;
The madding people so amaz'd with feare,
That turning head with euery little noise,
Stopt vp the entrance of the streetes with throngs,
That when Count *Egmont*, *Hanuay* and the rest,
Call'd to the Burgers for supplyes of men,
The vncertaine murmure of the multitude,
Increast but the confusion of the towne:
The villanous and dastard recreant Almaines,
Kneele to the Spaniards, casting downe their armes.

Stum. A those Almaines, those Almaines, they cryed
liue Spaniards: a vengeance take them, they were cal'd
hygh Almaines, but they are low enough now; for a num-
ber of them are cut off by the waste: you may call them
blanch'd Almaines and you wil, for their guts are blanch'd
about their heeles.

Cap. By these disorders of witlesse Towne's-men,
Perceiuing that the Spaniards would preuaile;
What should I doe but shift to saue my life?

Stu. Capt. your life's in as great danger now as ere it was,
The Spaniard is as cruell in colde bloud as ere he was;
O Captaine, Captaine, where is *Antwerpe* now?
It is thy native place, where should I then be free,
If made a slaue, where I was freelie borne?

Ther's

Ther's not a towne almost in Brabant now,
That giues a man the safety of a night:
What should we then doe liuing?
Haue you and I seene that, that we haue seene,
And come to this?
If you reserue the courage you were wont,
Of a braue Soldier and a Gentleman,
Let's doe something yet worthy the talking of,
I haue wonne a compatie of poore hurt Soldiers,
Yet able to welde weapons and to fight.

1 Sol. And we will follow you, liue or dye:

2 Sol. Loue life and loue death.

3 Sol. Through *Aluas* quarter.

Stum. Why brauely spoke,
If you will take such part then as we doe,
Helpe me to leade these straggling companies,
And wee'll amongst their quarters ere we dye.

Cap. My hand and heart, and doe engage my soule.

Stu. Why then come lads, why this is resolu'd like men,
If we must goe, wee'll goe together then. *Exeunt.*

Enter two soldiers leading in the fat Burger in a Cord.

1 Sol. Confesse ye slaue where thou hast hid thy money,
Or we will hang thee on a Gibbet straight.

Bur. That euer I was borne; Gentlemen beleeue me,
I haue no more than what I tolde you of,
Some thousand Gilders in my counting house.

2 Sol. You haue no more than?

Burg. Not as I haue faith
To God, and to the safetie of my Country.

2 Sol. Then hang him presentlie.

Bur. Nay curteous Gentlemen,
As you are Spaniards famous for your actes,
Let me not dye.

1 Sol. The roague would flatter vs,

Sirra, immagine tis too weake a key,
To tune our hearts to, when the cryes of Babes,
Screekes of distressed women and olde men,
Haue not preuail'd to quallifie our rage:
Let vs dispatch him.

Bur. Gentlemen, but heare me.

2 Sol. If thou canst tell vs where thy treasure's hid,
Or else for euer let thy lips be dumbe.

Bur. Alas would yee haue me lye?

1 Sol. Stay fellow Soldier,
I haue bethought me of a prettie tricke,
To sift this butter-box a better way:
Wee'll tye him by the thumbes vnto this poast,
And tickle him vntill he doe confesse.

2 Sol. Content, yfaith, so at the least, suppose
We get no money, yet we shall haue sport.

Bur. Nay Gentlemen.

1 Sol. Sirra, apply your wits,
Or with my sword Ile hacke your Filchers off.

Bur. O that I were in th bottom of my Seller.

2 Sol. Is thy money hid there? speake?

Bur. No truelie sir,
But then I hope I should not hang byth thumbes.

2 Sol. He dallyes with vs, tickle him a good.

Bur. Oh God, God, what shall I do, sweet gentlemen.

They tickle him.

2 Sol. Confesse then, sirra.

Bur. O Lord I shall sound,
By these ten endes, I haue nor plate nor coyne,
Your Generall and Countrimen haue all.

Alarum, enter Stumpe *and* Captaine, *the Spaniards fly.*

Cap. What base we heer, a Burger tyed byth thumbs?

Stum. It is the Tallow-cake, the Rammish Fat,
That would not giue a penny to a Soldier,

I know him well; now Sir how feele your selfe?
Bur. Oh Gentlemen neuer so much distrest.
Stum. Your greazie panch will not defend you then?
Bur. Not from these Spaniards, they are deuils I think,
Nay farre more couetous than deuils of hell.
Stum. You cannot satisfie them with a groate,
But if I should requite thy vilde contempt,
Heere should I leaue thee, that as thy treasure
Has bin a pray to their deuouring lust,
So in this dung-hill of thy carryon flesh,
Their rauenous swoords might finde a durtie feast;
For naught but draffe art thou composed of:
Nor fit for any thing but to feede wormes,
Yet thou shalt finde a difference twixt my thoughts
And the base temper of thy muddy minde:
Goe liue, if thou canst [illegible] their bloudie hands,
Till want and beggerie cut shor thy daies.
Bur. I thanke you sir, I haue (for all their threates)
One bag of Dollors cast into a well,
And that Ile giue yee for this friendlie succour.
Stu. Hence tumbrell from my sight, when bouty might
Haue calm'd my sharpe affliction, then thy hand
Was fast closd vp; but now it is too late,
Thou wouldst seeme prodigall, away base churle.
Bur. Let me intreate you sir, to take that sutnme,
My heart repents me much, for what is past.
Stum. Guts, trouble me no more.
Bur. The Lord preserue you sir,
Surely you seeme an honest Gentleman.
Cap. Wilt thou leaue off thy prating and be gone?
Bur. With all my heart sir, and I thanke you too. *Exit*
Cap. How like *Leuiathan*, his clumsie limbes
Walke not but tumble, that sad common wealth,
Nourceth such Droanes to sucke her honny vp,
In time of need shall finde as small supply,
As he hath been to *Antwerpes* wretchednes.

But valliant Soldier, what is now to doe?

Stum. What, but to hunt the foote-steps of pale death,
Vntill we rouze him in his sooty caue,
There, will no prospect of our Countries fall,
Offend our eye-sight; there no treacherie
Of haughty Spaniards treade a bloudy March;
Nor any base obiection oft ingrate,
And thankelesse Cittizens sit in our doores:
But we shall quietly inioy the peace,
For which we breath; there shall we be secure,
There free from thought of this worlds miserie,
And there indeede finde true felicitie:
For there our trauell shall be recompenc'd,
Our loue requited, and our wounds repayde
With double merrit. Haste then vnto the place,
Vpon the earth is nothing but disgrace.

Cap. I flye with thee true honourable minde,
And we together will that Mancion finde. *Exeunt.*

Alarum and excursions, enter Stumpe *and* Captaine, *bloudy and wounded.*

Stum. See Captaine, now I haue it on my brest,
The Honourable cognisance of death,
This purple riuer, from this weeping fount,
More glads and quickens my decayed spirit,
Than euer christall spring in heate of Summer:
The weary traueller, his strength reuiues,
To draw out tedious houres still on earth,
But mine doth florish to possesse, anon
The blessed hauen of eternity.

Cap. I trust I shall be there with as much speed,
My pasport (I doe thinke) the Spaniards
Has seal'd as deeply, and my iourney layde
With no lesse easie trauell to be there.
See, if thy bleeding woundes can speake to me,

Mine

Mine can as fast make answere vnto thine.
Stum. Let me imbrace this sweet affinity.
Like in our liues, agreeing in our deathes:
But what doe I behold? thine eye-lids faint,
And the warme touch of thy desired cheeke,
Begins to freeze; wilt thou anticipate
Those ioyes before me? gentle Captaine stay,
There's but a minute that deuides our hopes:
Oh he is dead, may his departing soule,
Vsher my spirit aboue those fleeting clowdes:
Death, why delayst thou? set thy lazy hand
To the deuorcement of my loathed flesh.
Iam prepar'd, my penitent sad thoughts,
Haue long agoe washt my contagious sinne:
The bloud that I haue spilt (the Massacres
Procur'd and practis'd by this hand of mine)
Heauen lay not to my charge; for though my sword
Was neuer drawne but in a rightfull cause,
Yet much misprision hath attended it;
That, and all else, this sigh craues pardon for,
Mine eyes were nere accustomed to teares,
Let it suffice, these woundes doe weepe for them:
Antwerpe farewell, if thou haue done me wrong,
This lateſt gaspe, sends pardon from my tung. *A florish.*

Enter in trimmph, with Drum, Colours and Soldiers,
Sancto Danila.

Dan. Now warre hath wrapt his bloudy colours vp,
And sheath'd his fatall sword with his, we ours,
Prefixing truce to our laborious armes;
This Cittie late of christening the fame,
For wealth and glorie: now remaines the Map,
Of sad destruction and perpetuall ruyne;
Her streets lye hackt with slaughtered carkasses,
Her powers that before were stuft with pride,
Are left as naked as the wildernes:

Oh in remorse of humaine clemency,
My heart (me thinkes) could sigh, my eyes shed teares,
To call to minde and see their misery:
But they were wanton and lasciuious,
Too much addicted to their priuate lust:
And that concludes their Martirdoome was iust.
Holde, one of you, conuay this serious letter
To warlicke *Alua*, tell him as he wil'd,
After my forces lodg'd in Garison,
Ile meete his Grace at *Bridges*, and from thence
Acquaint the Court of *Spaine* with our successe;
Pray God the tyrany expresst in *Antwerpe*,
Like to the ecchoing clamour of a Trumpet,
Speake not our deedes before our owne approach.
1 Sol. My Lord, behold where lye the mangled bodies
Of those two fierce assailing Brabanters,
That all this while kept vs at such a bay,
And when we thought the towne was wonne, procur'd
So great a deluge of *Iberian* bloud.
2 Sol. Let's drag them at our horses tayles my Lord,
And as we passe through euery towne and village,
Make them example to the world for pride?
Don. Who toucheth them but in disgrace, my swoord
Shall lop his arme off; were they proude sayst thou?
Their pride was honourable, deseruing loue
Rather then hate; nay should we doe them right,
Had they been strengthned with conuenient ayde
We had been beaten from the towne againe
And made exchange of conquest: which subdu'd
There neuer liued two more Heroick spirits
That for their Country haue deserud as much
To be renouned as euer Curtius was
Or Romaine *Decius*, or the valiant Cocles
They for their countrie could but loose their liues
There haue in equall seruice done as much
Take vp their bodyes; often thousand others

Alarum for London

Reft by our swords, and left unburied
These two will we in person see interr'd,
And doe them right, the law of Armes requires;
So march we hence, striking a mournfull sound
Till we have layde our honourd foes in ground

Exeunt

Epilogus

Enter Time

Time. Thus worldlings, Time in his unwonted loue
Hath staid his course, to rubb the memorie
Of actions long since cast behind his back.
His care is fruiteful, and doth wish to see
No heauie or disastrous chance befall
The sonnes of men, if they will warned be;
But when they spurne against my discipline
Wasting the treasure of my precious houre
No marvayle then, like misery catch holde
On them, did fasten on this woefull towne
Whose bleeding fortune, whose lamenting cries,
Whose streetes besmear'd with bloud, whose blubred eyes
Whose totter'd walls, whose buildings ouerthrowne
Whose riches lost, and powertie made knowne:
May be a meane all Cities to affright
How they in sinne and pleasure take delight

FINIS